Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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EVERY DAY.

O thousand thankless tasks of every day
Which are renewed with every rising sun!
O many burdens carried on our way
Until life's weary pilgrimage is done!
But now and then a cheerful, kindly tone
Gives us new strength to plod life's narrow path,
And tired hearts and minds are by it shown
What pleasantness 'neath common cares it hath.

It seems as if we waste our present strength
In tiresome walk through common-place routine;
If but our steps were placed in one great length
What far-off countries would our eyes have seen!
But we'd have found that there as well as here
Man walks through trifling round of little things,
And if ambition's whisper charm his ear
Its import's lost in tasks that duty brings.

The glory of the martyr's holy crown
Sheds no reflection on the toiler's brow,
Nor hero's dear-bought name or sweet renown
Lend luster to the conquered cares of now.
For patience, then, to meet the coming foe,
The tiny, vexing cares and frets we pray,
So strong and humble-hearted we may go
To battle with the foes of every day!

—Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

A RECKLESS MOOD.

Why Mrs. Dunstan Mourned a Departed Husband.

"There is a limit to even the most patient forbearance. I tell you, Zoe, I can not and will not endure this state of things any longer. If you loved me you would not defy my wishes as you do."

Speaking thus, Earle Dunstan turned and faced his young wife with a look of sudden and stern determination written on every line of his handsome features.

But all unheeding this, Zoe flashed her dark eyes upon him derisively, while a short, low laugh of mocking defiance rippled musically from her scarlet lips.

"If I loved you!" she echoed, scornfully. "Well, perhaps you are right in saying that. I have often wondered at the strange whim which led me to accept you instead of—"

"Of Fred Hammond, why don't you say?" he finished, with a bitter sneer, as Zoe paused, a trifle shocked at her own temerity. "You can't deny that it was his name which was on your lips, as it is evidently his image which fills your heart. Fred Hammond, the fascinating Lothario, whose attentions to you last night made you the talk of the rooms, who was an old lover of yours, as everybody knows, and whom you would doubtless be willing enough to marry now were you again free to undo the errors of the past. Can you deny it, Zoe?"

"I shall deny nothing," she flashed out, in a white heat of passionate scorn, her large, dark eyes blazing, and her very lips blanched to the hue of a snow-drift. "You have drawn a fascinating picture of what might have been, and it is a thousand pities that it never can be realized. How cruel you are to remind me that I am not free to undo the past!"

"By heaven, then, you shall be," he retorted, desperately. "From this hour you shall not be troubled with my presence, nor your actions trammeled by my 'tyranny,' as you are pleased to term my consideration for my good name. I am going to leave you forever, Zoe, and as soon as the law permits, you will regain your freedom, and marry the man you love. This is all that is left me to do for your happiness, but it is still something. Thank God that I know the truth at last! If I had known it sooner, how much sorrow might have been spared us both!"

He stopped, his voice growing husky and broken toward the last, cast one lingering, passionate look upon the young wife he had loved so well, turned away from her without another word, and then was gone!

Gone! Zoe, listening to the echo of his footsteps down the hall, down the broad, shallow stairs, awoke at last from the trance which had held her since the first word of that terrible speech fell on her ears.

Like one awakening from some deep, strange sleep, she suddenly roused herself and staggered toward the door, holding out her arms with a gesture of passionate anguish and entreaty.

"Earle, Earle! come back!" she cried. "I did not mean it. You drove me wild with your cruel suspicions. I love no one—want no one—but you! I—I— Oh, God!"—as the great front door below swung to with a heavy crash—"he is gone—gone forever!"

The wild, yearning voice, intense with the agony of a breaking heart, whose sound, even at first, had scarcely gone farther than the white, rigid lips through which it passed, suddenly failed—died into silence—and Zoe Dunstan, the deserted wife, sunk down upon the carpet like one stricken by a mortal blow.

Weeks passed before she knew any thing more of that terrible day.

Brain fever had seized upon her, and it seemed many times as though her life must pay the forfeit of her share in its reckless folly.

But at last she crept back to life, though for months she was only the shadow of her former self.

Brilliant and bewitching, with the effervescent sparkle of champagne in her lovely eyes, and flushing, rounded cheeks, and dainty, scarlet lips, had been Zoe Dunstan before that ill-fated day. Beautiful she was yet, but that sparkling brilliancy was gone, and a deathless sorrow looked out from those marvelous dark eyes whose witchery had ensnared so many hearts.

When she was strong enough to bear it, they told her every thing; how they had tried to find her husband when they discovered her stricken down by that almost fatal shock; how they had searched vainly for him everywhere, only to learn, at last, that he had sailed for Europe on the very day that he had left his wife and home; how, a little later, the world had been startled by the news of an awful disaster—the noble ship on which he had taken passage had been wrecked in mid-ocean, and Earle Dunstan's name was among the list of those who were known to be lost.

Zoe listened to the awful tale in pitiful silence. Her lovely face grew a shade paler and sadder than before, if that were possible, and she sat for awhile with her dark eyes staring straight before her, and both small, white hands clasped tightly over her heart.

He had forsaken her forever, and she could never have hoped to look on his dear face again. Now the lonely, remorseless sea would hide it from all other eyes as well as hers. After all, perhaps, she would rather have it so.

But three years passed away, and Zoe, after a long period of mourning and seclusion, once more began to mingle with the world.

Again she was mentioned in society as "the beautiful Mrs. Dunstan," and again her eager admirers and suitors thronged around her.

Among them was, and ever had been, Fred Hammond, the handsome, dashing fellow whose admiration for her in the past had led to that fatal quarrel.

To him she was always colder than to any other man in the whole circle of acquaintance, yet her coldness did not daunt him from trying again and again to win the love he had vainly sought before her marriage.

"You must learn to look kindly on my suit in time," he urged once more, after many failures. "He is gone, and it is foolish, nay, it is terribly wrong, to waste your whole life in useless mourning for him. Oh, Mrs. Dunstan—Zoe, dear Zoe—try to forget—try to care a little for one who has loved you so long and faithfully as I."

Zoe sighed wearily.

How often she had told him the same old story—that she never could forget the one she had loved and lost.

But she was on the eve of starting on a long journey throughout Europe and the East with some old friends—Mr. and Mrs. Seymour—and perhaps this would put a final end to the annoyance.

"You are asking still in vain, Mr. Hammond," she answered, calmly, with the usual touch of coldness in her voice. "And it must ever be in vain, were you to ask the question every day to the end of our natural lives. I have no love to give to you—I never had. I loved Earle Dunstan only, and I shall never forget him or cease to love his memory. I— But here comes Mrs. Seymour; let us say no more about it. Only this—you have my final, irrevocable answer. Never mention love to me again!"

"Ah, my dear Zoe," murmured Mrs. Seymour, half-reproachfully, as Fred Hammond bowed himself away with a white, despairing face, "I'm afraid you are really doing a foolish thing. I heard enough to know that you refused that poor fellow for the fiftieth time, and he absolutely worships you. Don't you really think that you have mourned poor Earle long enough? It can never bring him back, you know," she added, gently.

"No, it can do nothing but prove the love he doubted when he left me," sighed Zoe, drearily. "But that man"—and her dark eyes turned, with a flash of scorn, toward Fred Hammond's distant, retreating form—"why, his professions of love but seem like sacrilege to me! It was on his account that we had that fatal quarrel which drove my husband to his death. No, no, dear Mrs. Seymour, no living love—much less his—shall ever take the place of my poor Earle's memory!"

For months the little party of tourists wandered about the Old World, and at length found themselves in one of the famed picture galleries of an Italian city.

As they strolled slowly along, stopping now and then to examine some work of striking merit, Mrs. Dunstan, happening to turn abruptly, came face to face with a handsome, noble-looking man, whose proud, stern face and sad, blue eyes changed at sight of her, as though she had been a ghost.

And she? She grew so deathly white and faint that Mrs. Seymour, who stood near and saw it all, thinking her about to fall, hastily passed her arm around Zoe's slender waist.

But the young widow did not faint; the very strength of her emotion revived her and kept her up.

"Earle!" she gasped, in a strained, unnatural voice. "Oh, is it you? I—I thought you dead!"

"Did you?" he retorted, with the old bitterness, mingled now with a sad pathos indescribable. "Oh, no, I have merely been dead to you. I left you for your own happiness, you remember. And you—you have secured it, I suppose? The law would not refuse a deserted wife her freedom and the right to marry again. By the way"—glancing about him with a proud disdain in his blue eyes—"shall I have the honor—"

"Earle!" broke in Zoe, proudly. "There is no other—never has been, and never will be. I mourned you at dead for years, for I believed you lost at sea with the rest who went down on that doomed ship. It was a mistake. Oh, the joy—"

Her sweet voice wavered, and again Mrs. Seymour thought she was going to faint. But this time Earle Dunstan took his wife by the arm and led her still farther from the small crowd, who had not perceived the little drama going on so near them.

"And you have never married, believing me dead all these years?" he asked, his low, deep voice filled with wondering tenderness. "Oh, Zoe, forgive me—forgive me, my darling! But I never knew that you thought me dead, dear. I was rescued from the wreck, but was ill and senseless for long weeks afterward. I did not know that I was reported lost, but I should not have cared. I thought you would seek your freedom in time, and so I have wandered about, asking no questions, and only trying to forget. And oh, Zoe, you did love me, your husband, instead—"

"Well, if you had heard her refuse a certain gentleman, as I did," smiled Mrs. Seymour, whom they had rejoined, "you would never doubt that fact again, Earle Dunstan."

"God helping me, I never will, Mrs. Seymour," he answered, fervently.

"But you had some apparent cause to doubt me then, Earle," added Zoe and then, with passionate earnestness, "God helping me you never shall again."—Family Story Paper.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

Old World Customs That Strike Americans as Preposterous.

In Europe, rank is first of all a question of birth. Mr. Gladstone must go into dinner after a boy if the boy happens to be a duke. This rule of precedence strikes the American as preposterous. Our countrymen have been so long rid of a privileged class of titled aristocrats that they can not understand how genius and eminent service may be reckoned after a mere family distinction. We believe in blood in this country, but we expect it to tell in achievement before it is accorded the first place of honor. It is true that Americans are sometimes accused, not always unjustly, of tuft-hunting; but the titled foreigner is sought after over here because he is a *rara avis*, a social curiosity, and not because Americans are born with that instinctive deference to rank which is so general on the other side of the Atlantic. An hereditary legislature has always been impossible here. Strictly speaking, there are no common people except commonplace people. The rigidity of social forms, the drill of society, establish a conformity to etiquette which, however decorous, is not picturesque or otherwise interesting. The regulation uniform of society, the dress-coat and white cravat, may be defended upon certain grounds which we need not examine now; but there should be no tolerance for the affection of a tone, a mannerism, which is at war with every thing expressive of originality or even of individuality. We would not imply, of course, that people of good society are necessarily commonplace or dull. Wit and humor are always welcome among sensible men and women; but we have remarked a tendency to make a fetish of forms, to set up a Draconian code on the authority of Mrs. Grundy, which is only too suggestive of another famous lady's "prunes and prisms." But commonplace people are not confined to any sphere of life. We find them wherever a stupid mental conservatism condemns the eccentricity of a new thought or an independent opinion. If a man does not enjoy the "Paradise Lost," if he is not enthralled by the genius of Addison or of Steele, we confess that we like to hear him acknowledge his treason frankly. There is more in him than there is in the solemn humbug who professes to admire every thing that he has been told he ought to admire, and who has never in all his life been guilty of one honest criticism. Originality is the one essential uncommon thing in the world, and—though this may seem paradoxical—there is a great deal of it among those whom we are wont to call the common people. Our great novelists seek it in remote country districts, in mountain fastnesses, in the lowly retreats of poverty and ignorance—wherever nature has a chance and people say what they think. It fascinates us because it is human rather than conventional. The society novelist essays a task of immense difficulty, for every body prefers Sam Weller to Fitz Augustus Templeton De Vere, and society is never dramatic until, under the impulse of passion, it tears off its mask and forgets its rules. When we said just now that there were no common people except commonplace people, we meant merely that there is no common mold or brand of human nature. Twins are not so nearly alike that their mothers do not know them apart, and nothing can destroy the impress of individuality but academic restraint and social discipline. It is variety of talent and taste that makes the necessary division of labor the joyous activity of progress, and it is the natural opposition of temperaments that endows human intercourse with its chief charm. Nothing could be more stale, flat and unprofitable than a symposium of interlocutors who all thought and felt alike on every imaginable subject.

The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence,

are provoked by the contrast and the conflict of independent minds occupying different points of view.—N. O. Picayune.

CONCERNING POETRY.

Judicious Reading of It Will Give One Command of Language.

A girl said to me a few days ago of a friend of hers: "I never in my life knew anybody who had such a flow of language as she has. She is never at a loss for a word of comparison or an appropriate quotation. How in the world does she do it?" Well, I asked her, and this is what the good talker said:

"When I was a very little girl my great delight was to read and study poetry. I learned poems by heart to recite at school, to say to my mother and to delight my brothers with. I have always kept up that habit, and every day, as I am dressing, I have an open book on my bureau and learn something by heart, even if it is only a verse of four lines. I have never given drawing-room recitations, for I know I should simply bore people, but I have gotten a great deal of pleasure myself from the habit, and I believe it has done more to give me a good command of words than anything else.

If you take a bit of advice from me you will chose to begin on the shorter poems of Austin Dobsin, of Owen Meredith, or dear old Tom Hood or Adelaide Proctor, and later on, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Rossetti. You know the last was the poet who so dearly loved his wife that he buried with her the poems which he had written beside her, and which had never been published. Many years after his friends insisted that these poems should be disinterred, and it was found when the coffin opened that her wonderful blonde hair had grown to her feet and formed a network that glistened like gold thread in the sun over the bundle of papers. If you do not care for these poets, take any other you like, but do not try to do too much at once. The little by little is the very best theory in life if you want to gain any thing.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—A use has been found for the hop vine, which may make hop-yards even more profitable than for the production of the hops. It is found to be the best substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. The vine possesses great length, flexibility, strength and delicacy.

NOT CONSUMMATED.

A Young Man Who Is Either a Fool or a Very Wise Individual.

During several seasons young Parks had been a constant visitor at the house of Abemleich Morrison. Sunday after Sunday the young fellow would come, and after sitting nearly all day, stealing glances at Sookey, old Abemleich's daughter, he would go home. He was so bashful that when the time came for his departure, he would glide out the door, jump over the fence and run like a jack-rabbit. Last Sunday he took his place as usual.

"Sam," said old Abemleich, "whut's your daddy doin'?"

"Makin' uv a steer yoke, uh, huh, huh!"

"Whut's Lige doin'?"

"Ain't doin' nothin'. Dun gone tc meetin' with a gal, uh, huh, huh!"

"Whut's your mother doin'?"

"Got sorter behind on her quilt an' is a-cardin' of her bats to-day."

"Made your plant bed yit?"

"We've made one uv them, but we ain't made the big one whut we 'lowed to make."

"Sam?"

"Yas, sar."

"Whut's the usen actin' sich a blame fool? You love Sook?"

"No, I don't, uh, huh, huh!"

"Yes, you do."

"I don't, nuther."

"Yes, you do, an' you wanter marry her."

"I don't, now, no such uv a thing, uh, huh, huh!"

"Yes, you do."

"Would you give her to me ef I wuz ter wanter marry her?"

"Yes, you may have her. Come here, Sook," calling the girl.

"Whut do you want, dad?" she said, entering the room.

"Hold on, Sam. Come back, you blame fool!"

Sam had jumped over the fence and was running like a jack-rabbit. Old Abemleich says that the marriage may take place as soon as Sam "ken be hemmed up an' fotch to the house."—Arkansaw Traveler.

NOT WARM ENOUGH.

The Only Man on Record Who Complained of Being Cold This Summer.

"Warm?" he said, putting on a heavy pair of gloves and buttoning his light overcoat, "you don't call this warm weather, do you?"

"Do I call it warm?" said the other, mopping his brow and trying to fan himself at the same time, while his face grew redder and redder. "I call it gridiron heat."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow; the mercury isn't above ninety-two."

"Ninety-two!"

"And it hasn't been above a hundred more than once this year."

"Shades of all the Icelanders!" cried the red fat man, "what would you like to have it—135 in the shade? Would you like to boil eggs in the public fountains? Do you want foundries to run their furnaces without fire? One hundred! Do you want to sizzle and vanish in steam. One hundred!" he screamed in shrill agonized tones, and he danced around madly in his wrath until his face was of flaming scarlet. "One hundred! Why, man, haven't you got any blood in your veins?"

"Oh, yes," said the other, shivering as a warm breeze touched him, "but I have 40,000 tons of ice cornered."

And then the little stout man fell in a swoon and an ambulance carried him to the hospital, where he was recorded as suffering from prostration by heat, while the ice king went home to order the servants to put more coal on the fire.—N. Y. Tribune.

How the World Wags.

Average Man—What has become of that old fool, Wilkins? Used to call himself a Colonel, or something.

Citizen—He happened to own a piece of land on which oil was found, and is now rich. Lives in a palace on the avenue.

Average Man (some hours later)—Hello! That looks like General Wilkins.

Another Citizen—Yes, that's the General. Do you know him?

Average Man—Yes, indeed. The General and I are old friends.—N. Y. Weekly.

He Is One of Them.

"I see," remarked the poet's wife, that Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell all had or have an income outside of the results of their literary work."

"Yes," replied her husband, "and I myself could not afford to write poetry if I hadn't a good situation at the ribbon counter."—N. Y. Sun.

One Job Lost.

Uncle Abner (entering).—Say, is this a barber shop.

The Artist.—Naw; it's a tonsorial studio.

Uncle Abner.—Studio, eh? Wa-al, if you're only studyin' I'll go further. I want a man that knows the trade!—Puck.

A Shrewd Business Man.

Grocer—Is there a good force of water on since the opening of the new aqueduct?

His Wife—Splendid, my dear.

Grocer—Then that settles it. We must open a dairy in connection with our grocery store.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Bad Blunder.

Housewife (testily)—Go 'way from this door, you old tramp! What do you want anyway?

Seedy-looking man—(starting off)—I wanted to make you a call, I'm the new minister.—Drake's Magazine.

Their Favorite Promenade.

Gazzam—Have you noticed that loss of memory often accompanies deafness?

Maddox—No; does it?

Gazzam—Yes; deaf men seem to forget that trains have the right of way on a railway track.—The Jury.

A Long-Felt Want.

Knowles—Fassett's making a fortune.

Bowles—How?

Knowles—He has invented a process for manufacturing interchangeable monograms for engagement rings.—Jeweler's Circular.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Some Things Which Every Housekeeper Will Be Glad to Know.

Spirits of turpentine will take grease or drops of paint out of cloth. Apply it till the paint can be scraped off.

Tar can easily be removed from clothing by immediately rubbing it well with clean lard, and then washing out with warm water and soap.

If soot be dropped upon the carpet, throw upon it an equal quantity of salt, and sweep all up together. There will be scarcely a trace of soot left.

Turpentine and black varnish is the blacking used by hardware dealers for protecting stoves from rust. If put on properly it will last through the season.

Put French chalk or magnesia on silk or ribbon that has become greasy, and hold it near the fire. This will absorb the grease so it may be brushed off.

Iron rust may be removed from marble by taking one part of nitric acid to 25 parts of water, and applying it carefully to the spots. Rinse off with ammonia and water.

To make good mucilage without using gum arabic, take two parts of dextrine, five parts of water and one part of acetic acid. Dissolve by heating, and add one part of alcohol.

For solder, take a mixture of two parts of tin to one part of lead. For a soldering fluid, dissolve zinc in muriatic acid, then add a little sal-ammoniac, and dilute it with a little water.

To clean marble, mix whiting with common soap, till thick as paste. Spread it on the marble and leave it for a couple of days. When the paste is cleaned off the stains will also be removed.

A carpet, especially a dark one, often looks dusty directly after sweeping. Wring a sponge almost dry out of water, and wipe off the dust from the carpet. It will brighten it quite effectively.

This is the way they clean and renovate furs in Russia: Some rye flour is put into a pan upon the stove and heated, stirring constantly with the hand, so long as the heat can be borne. Then spread the flour all over the fur, rubbing it in well; then brush it gently with a very clean brush, or beat it softly, till all the flour is removed. It is claimed that this method will make the fur appear almost or quite like new.—Good Housekeeping.

DEPLORABLE BUT TRUE.

Instead of Being a Friend, Woman is Woman's Worst Enemy.

Woman is the sweetest creature the Lord has ever made, but it has yet to be proved that she is woman's best friend. It is a harsh thing to say, but it is a fact nevertheless, that women do not love one another. Their sympathies go out to the feathered tribe, the dumb animals, the heathen, and pagan, the prisoner of justice, and the male tippler, the festive tramp, the fashionable roue, the vanquished slugger, and the hero of the stage and society, but no compassion is wasted on the young girl struggling for footing, the dependent widow or the wretched woman who could succeed in saving herself if only given a little encouragement and assistance.

Women with tender hearts and ample means will do church work, scatter tracts, keep the cash in an exchange or white ribbon restaurant, stand in a "Jacobs well" or a bazar and sell frappe sweets and fancy goods all day long for sweet charity. Yet these same ladies, if appealed to, will refuse a letter, testimonial or guarantee of good will which means bread to the supplicant. A dozen pretty, plausible and polite excuses are given for declining the favor, but pecuniary help is not offered either, and the applicant goes off in despair and does the best she can, which is often far from good.

Ask any girl in the mill, the cloak factory, the muslin factory, the dress-making establishment or any other industry where a forewoman is employed, and she will tell you she detests the woman she has to work for.

I asked a ribbon weaver why this was so.

"Because she nags; because she is always a looking for something she can pick at; because she never has a kind word to say to a girl, no matter how hard she tries to please her; because she carries tales to the boss and because she will keep back work from the girls she doesn't like and give the best paying jobs to her favorites."—N. Y. Sun.

Wraps for Early Fall.

The fashionable light wraps for the early fall will be in the still popular cape style, consisting of a flounce of black lace applied to a narrow, deep yoke, the points of which reach below the belt, front and back. The yokes on new models are variously decorated. Some are made of heavily corded net, with designs like passementerie; others are of bengaline richly braided. Jetted net laid in flat folds, with flouncing lace to correspond forming the cape portion, from many of the demi-dress wraps, while more elaborate mantles of richer Chantilly, Maltese or Spanish guipure have color introduced in the shape of orange or green velvet points and revers, gold-worked Bolero jacket fronts, or simulated ones in rich embroidery. For special wear are pelerines showing a combination of richly jetted net, Spanish lace in black, and Venetian lace in white. All wraps are still high on the shoulders, and some of the very expensive Spanish capes have long graceful scarf-fronts. These have elaborate shoulder places, yokes, and Spanish girdles of cut jet.—N. Y. Post.

No Regard for Her Feelings.

A Texas family has a colored servant, who, while very attentive to her duties, has never been known to give any body a civil answer. Purely as an experiment, the lady of the house bought her a new calico dress, and gave it to her, saying.

"I am glad to have the pleasure, Matildy, of giving you this dress."

"Yer mout hab had dat pleasure long ago, ef yer had had any regard fo' my feelings," was the gracious reply.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Frank Hopkins, of California, who has been visiting the Ottoman empire, declares that the sale of women there has not been stopped—only carried on a little more privately. He quotes Circassian beauties at $2,000 each and Nubian maidens at about $100 apiece.

CURING A POET.

A Terrible Disease Vanquished by Means of a Clever Conspiracy.

Abel Ryder was the queerest of all the queer characters we had in our town. Not that his eccentricities were plain to every body, like some of the old settlers, for one had to be pretty well acquainted with the old man, and enter into conversation with him, to discover what was so strange about him. Abel's hobby was poetry. He never wrote any, so far as I know, but he could talk it. Yes, and he talked nothing else.

He kept a store—a regular village store, where the boys used to congregate, and it was there, on winter's evenings, where we used to draw old Abel out, and enjoy his peculiarities. For instance, I would enter and say: "Good evening, Abel!" "Set the table," Abel would reply. (He did not care whether his replies contained any sense, so long as they rhymed; that was all he looked out for.)

Some one else would come in with "Well, Abel, how goes it?" "O, my manner shows it," answered Abel, never stopping as if at a loss for a word, but answering as naturally as could be.

It was very seldom that we ever "stuck" Abel—he could always find something to rhyme with the last word of our sentence; but I want to tell you how we conspired to bring him down to plain English, for we tired of his ceaseless poetical chatter, and how the conspiracy worked.

We all got together one day, and began to form a number of sentences ending in words with which it was difficult to find any thing to rhyme. When we had made a list sufficient, we thought, to satisfy our needs, we proceeded in a body to Abel's store. He was behind the counter, and, as we entered, said:

Good morning, boys, a lovely day!
How are you fellows, any way?

Then we begun.

"Abel," said Tom Ferris, "what's the day of the month?"

"I think I—I told you—" Abel scratched his head. "I think I told you once. No, no—Don't be such a dunce—dunth." He paused and looked at us victoriously. But we were not to be beaten so easily.

"Say, Abel," said Bill Bower, "did you ever see a locomotive?"

"No; but I think I would know't if—(I saw one)," he added in parenthesis. This was only a partial victory for Abel, and we followed him up.

"Abel," said a third, "could you run a dynamo?"

Abel thought a moment and then replied, quickly: "Your remarks, now, please confine 'em, O!"

A shiver of anxiety ran through our ranks, for "locomotive" and "dynamo" were two of our strongest words. But Peter Flynn came to our rescue.

"Mr. Ryder," said he, drawing his sentence out, "Mr. Ryder, have you got a steel spiral?" He put great emphasis on the word "spiral," and looked hard at the old man.

Abel opened his mouth to reply. He moved his lips as if trying to form a word, clutched at his hair, cast an agonizing look about him, and then—Victory! Defiantly, and yet with the tone of a man who knew that he was beaten, he said "No!"

We had him.

From that day Abel Ryder was a different man, and I do not believe that the people in that town have been troubled with him since. At least I know that we never were.—Paul C. West, in Light.

GLIMPSES OF EUGENIE.

The Beautiful Ex-Empress Now a Pale, White-Haired Woman.

I may mention here two rather picturesque interviews with the Empress Eugenie. The first one at Venice in 1869, when she was on her way to the Suez canal to open it for M. de Lesseps, her cousin.

She arrived there in her own yacht, the Aigle, and we saw her from the windows of Damielli's Hotel, pacing up and down the deck, a queenly figure. Indeed, the Empress Eugenie, who was not a royalty, looked more like one than any I have seen born in the purple. She was physically so handsome and what we call "aristocratic-looking" that she seemed every inch a Queen. In the evening all Venice was illuminated ard the Grand canal had the appearance of a long jeweled serpent. Victor Emanuel came thither with a brilliant troop of cavaliers to do her honor. He took her in his own gondola up the tortuous, dark passages of the lesser canals into the Grand canal, past the historic house of Lucretia Borgia, which was blood-red in the limelight; past the violet-tinted church of Maria del Salute; past the glorious old Ducal palace; past the two columns which hold the Lion of St. Mark and the Saint on the Alligator; through all the dreamy charm of a night in Venice, with the gleaming boats beside them, one a model of the Bucentoro. Music was playing softly all the airs from "Otello," "I Due Foscari" and other Venetian things; and so the Empress, whose pale, handsome face and red hair I saw plainly from my gondola, spent her evening in Venice.

Lord Houghton was with her, and he afterward told me that she ordered in Venice a dress made after the portrait of Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, in the Accademia, which she wore at the ball given by M. de Lesseps at Suez.

Poor woman! This was the last of her glories. The next year came Sedan, with downfall and ruin, loss of husband, loss of son. She is our Lady of Vicissitudes.

During the most brilliant days of the Queen's jubilee in London in 1887 I saw the Empress once more, a tall, pale, white-haired woman in deep mourning, attended by one gentleman and one lady. She came down the steps of the Buckingham Palace Hotel as I did. Our carriages were detained, and I noted again that fine, aristocratic outline, that beautiful droop of the eyelid. She is still very handsome, and looks like a martyr, but how changed it all is!—Mrs. Sherwood, in Philadelphia Times.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—There are seventy-five American colleges for women.

—Ninety-four colleges have received in gifts within a year the very respectable sum of $3,625,079.

—Judas was not the only man who lost his soul by being too keen-sighted in business.—Ram's Horn.

—God does not measure his pity by what our sorrows are in themselves, but what they are to us.—Mrs. Charles.

—There are more than fifty Congregational Churches in Southern California. Many of them have over one hundred members.

—As those wines which flow from the first treading of the grapes are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures and are not wrung into controversies and commonplaces.—Bacon.

—According to the latest statistical exhibits of the missions in Japan, there are now 274 churches in the empire, of which number 153 are self-supporting. The total membership is 31,481, the accessions for the year being 5,542. The contributions reached $40,602. The whole number of missionaries in the field, including women, is 527.

—For the first time for many years the total attendance at the German universities showed a decrease during the last winter term. It was 29,007, or 484 less than during the summer. In general, the increase in the last three years has been small, and not to be compared to that from 1879 to 1887, when it advanced from 19,769 to 28,763. The supply of technically educated men continues in excess of the demand.

—Your business—you can not neglect that! Call to mind the story of the rich English merchant to whom Elizabeth gave some commission of importance, and he demurred to undertake it, saying: "Please your majesty, if I obey your behests, what will become of these affairs of mine?" And his monarch answered: "Leave those things to me; when you are employed in my service, I will take charge of your business." So will it be with you. Do but surrender yourself to Christ, and he, of his own free will, takes in hand all your affairs. —Spurgeon.

—Seth Low, the new president of Columbia College, has no respect for a rule that does not provide for a contingency. A young man not overburdened with wealth last fall entered the law school, paying what was for him quite a fee. After attending two or three lectures business exigencies forbade his continuance at study. He applied to the treasurer for a rebate on his cash payment only to meet with delay and hear a rule recited against such a demand. Then he dropped President Low a line. Within four hours the post-office brought a courteous reply and a check.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Some girls are pressed for time and others for the fun of it.—Binghamton Leader.

—Honesty never has to crowd any body in order to get room to make a living.—Milwaukee Journal.

—A cheerful old man or old woman is like the sunny side of a woodshed in the last of winter.—Denver Road.

—"A man can not afford to make a fool of himself." But consider how reckless of expense some people are.

—There is more real heartache in a square yard of suspense than in an acre of realization.—Great Barrington News.

—As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

—"Ho, for the farm" is now the cry of the city cousin, but he doesn't hoe worth a cent when he gets there.—Binghamton Republican.

—Seeing is believing; and when a man sees a swarm of bees about to settle on his head is time for him to be leaving.—N. O. Picayune.

—Timid Husband—What shall we do when the wolf comes to the door? Courageous Wife—Why, thank Heaven that we have got a door.

—Grocer—Buying this lot of sugar before the price fell has put me in a hole, but (fixing his scales) I'll find a weigh out.—Epoch.

—It is good to be active in debate; but the thought that strikes like a hammer comes from the pen that moves as slow as an hour-hand.—Puck.

—"Well, I'm ohm," said the electrician, when he had let himself in after midnight. "But why are you insulate?" asked his wife.—N. Y. Sun.

—The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved etagere or sideboard.—Beecher.

—"He was awful," said Chappie, indignantly. "He said if I opened my mouth again he'd put a head on me." "Why didn't you accept his offer?"—Figaro.

—Man, irreverent, trifling man, should abstain from sneers at womankind till he has learned to hold a plate of ice-cream on his lap without toeing in.—Elmira Gazette.

—Harry—Now, Jack, stand up and tell our guests what you know—it won't take you very long. Jack—I'll tell them what we both know—it won't take me any longer.—Figaro.

—Mr. Carpenter—That was a nice slip of the tongue you made introducing me to those young ladies as Mr. Carter, Mr. Tom Bigbee—Well, I should call it a slip of the pen.—Puck.

—An old farmer saw house wrappers advertised in the paper, and he sent for one, thinking it was some new contrivance for rapping the house up to breakfast in the morning.—Texas Sifting.

—The story of life, to one who has reached advanced age, seems to him like a dream. He can not discredit the story which his own memory tells, yet he wonders and muses over the long line of events in the past. Happy is the man who, when he thus dreams, finds no occasion to regret the unforgotten conduct of the past. The way to lay the basis for pleasant memory is to live right in each present moment.—N. Y. Independent.